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VENEZUELA—WITH MANY NEW PICTURES
FREDERICK O'BRIEN'S LIFE IN SAMOA

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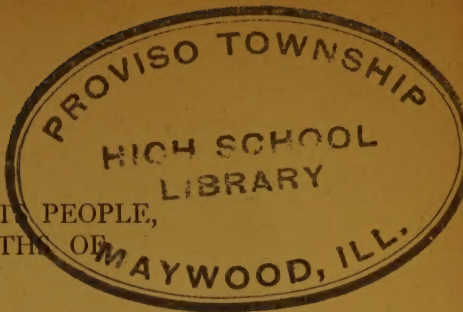
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VENEZUELA

IMPRESSIONS OF THE COUNTRY AND ITS PEOPLE,
GATHERED DURING RECENT MONTHS OF
TRAVEL AND OBSERVATION

BY THOMAS F. LEE

Illustrated with Photographs Made by the Author



THOMAS F. LEE IN THE ANDES

This picture was taken at an altitude of somewhat more than ten thousand feet, and shows one of the little shrines to be found on the mountain tops. Within the shrine is a picture of Christ, before which candles are constantly kept burning

TO MR. LEE FROM THE CONFIDENTIAL FRIEND AND ADVISER OF
PRESIDENT GOMEZ OF VENEZUELA

"NO ONE is better able than you to tell the story of Venezuela and its progress as it has been carried on under our beloved President, because you have taken the opportunity to visit the whole country and have yourself seen the conditions just as they are. I do not believe that any other foreigner has ever done anything similar to what you did, and I know that no one is better prepared than you are. At the same time I wish to congratulate you on the fact that no other writer has ever been able to approach General Gomez as you did. I hope that, with your clear vision and with the understanding which you have of General Gomez' personality and of the conditions of the country, you may do a truly helpful work in bringing closer relations between our two countries."—RAPHAEL REQUENA, Caracas, Venezuela, September 21, 1925.



GENERAL JUAN VICENTE GÓMEZ, PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA

The general, accompanied by his staff, is inspecting the taming of mules in his corral at Maracay. For years General Gómez has permitted no portraits of himself to be published—and this picture is one of several photographs recently made by Mr. Lee specially for The Mentor. Other pictures of General Gómez will be found on pages 25, 27 and 28



THE MENTOR

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IT WAS A SCENE LIKE THIS THAT SUGGESTED THE NAME "VENEZUELA"
The discoverer, Amerigo Vespucci, on seeing scenes of this sort on his voyage of exploration, called the settlement that he found at Maracaibo Venez-uela (Little Venice)



THE STORY OF VENEZUELA

Its Discovery and How It Came
to be Named "Little Venice"

Four and a quarter centuries ago a Florentine merchant on a Spanish ship sailed into what is now the Gulf of Maracaibo, on the north coast of South America. Along the low banks of the lake he saw a cluster of Indian huts built on piles over the water. They so reminded him of his beloved Venice that he called the country "Venez-uela"—"Little Venice." The Florentine merchant was Amerigo Vespucci. He named Venezuela—and his own name is written across the map of the Western World.

Directly south of New York and closer to it than is Galveston, descendants of the same Indians still build and live in the same style of stilted hut raised above the water.

Within its present borders Germany and France might be spread out, with space left into which Belgium and Holland could be fitted. It is a great area of llanos (pronounced *yan'-oce* and meaning "plains") and mountains with Colombia, Brazil, Guiana and the Caribbean hemming it in.



GOAJIRA INDIANS IN THE MARKET PLACE IN MARACAIBO, VENEZUELA

These Indians are descendants of the earlier tribesmen who built and lived in the stilted huts over Lake of Maracaibo. The present Indians still live in palm huts raised above the water. They are frequently seen in the markets of Maracaibo, always with their cheeks blackened and many times with a black band painted across the face

It is a land of infinite contrast, from steaming jungle and orchids to frigid paramo and "frailejon." (A paramo is a high, bleak plateau of the Andes—a place of snow and sleet and marrow-chilling winds. The "frailejon"—pronounced *fry-lay-hone*—is a flower cousin of the Alpine edelweiss.)

Climatic zones in Venezuela are built up like the floors of a skyscraper. They are zones of altitude rather than latitude. In the Andes I stood on the edge of the table on which the ancient city of Mérida is built and looked down a sheer precipice three thousand feet into the Valley of the Chama, covered with bananas, sugar cane and cacao. On the slopes across the way at my own level were coffee groves. Higher still were wheat fields. Above these potatoes grew and above all was the snow-capped peak of Mount Humboldt and the bleak paramos which stretch along the highest ridge. A huge elevator would have carried one up from rubber, orchids and bananas, past coffee, wheat and potatoes—ten thousand feet above sea level—and then on to the line where snow reflects a tropical sun but does not melt.

It is a land of a thousand rivers, limitless llanos, valleys choked with lush vegetation, heat-baked deserts, and the Andes—colossal folds of granite shale and schist piled up into dizzy peaks, cliffs and massifs, with bottomless gorges slashed in between overhanging precipices.

It is a land of rare and beautiful flowers and plants. Draperies of blossoms cover treetops; orchids cling to mossy branches. It is a land of strange fauna: tapir, ant-bear, sloth, agouti and electric eel.

THE STORY OF VENEZUELA

The people run the gamut from splendid luxury to abject poverty—from a brilliant culture to untaught simplicity—while the pigment of their skin is borrowed from that of the Caucasian, the African, the Asiatic and the Indian.

More than two hundred million people might live in comfort within the Venezuelan borders. The population is less than three million souls.

Venezuela's history has been written in the lives of her great men: Bolivar, the Liberator; Paez, the cowboy dictator; Vargas, the scholar; Guzman Blanco, the great caudillo (pronounced *cow-dee'-yo*, and meaning a chief of a community); Monagas; Crespo; Andrade; Castro, and now Gomez of the present day. It has been a chronicle of thrilling action, brilliant personal achievement, outstanding individualism; a story of conflict between diverse races in their effort to dominate; a story of unscrupulous leaders, autocrats, constructive statesmen.

Subject to Spain for three centuries, without voice in government or means of communication with other peoples, with a mixture of varied races, this people found itself freed of Spanish rule under the leadership of that brilliant young aristocrat, who for a quarter of a century dominated the political life of northern South America, Simon Bolivar, the Liberator.

The war of liberation left its significant imprint upon Venezuelan history, for it destroyed the better race elements and left little but the inferiors.

Up to the present administration two great figures have dominated Venezuela's destiny. Paez, the man who made Venezuela a separate republic, became its first president and its major directing influence until 1870.



STREET SCENE IN THE OLD PART OF CARACAS, VENEZUELA



THE MONUMENT TO COLUMBUS, CARACAS, VENEZUELA

Dizzy stone steps lead up to El Calvario, the hill that rises in the center of Caracas. At the top of the flight and looking out over the city is the statue of Columbus. In olden days small cannon were planted on the two concrete bases near the top of the steps

Other personalities and administrations existed during that time—Vargas, the scholar, and the Monagas brothers—but the influence which really contributed to a national development was the influence of Paez and his party. In 1870 another great caudillo took the helm of national development under a different party standard but with practically the same general results, the great caudillo Guzman Blanco, one of the ablest rulers Venezuela has ever known. His eighteen years of rule did much for the material and cultural advancement of his people. He was intelligent and determined. He brought peace, credit and prosperity. His power was absolute. He developed national resources. Above all, he had supreme confidence in himself.

In 1888 his dominant rule gave way to a series of weaker administrations which continued to the time when Castro came out of the Andes with a motley army and, conniving with the federal military leaders, overthrew the existing government and became dictator. Castro, with the help of Juan Vicente Gomez, pacified the country but did little for its general development. When, in 1907, he went to Europe, leaving the governmental reins in the hands of Gomez, power passed to this last of the great caudillos and Venezuela entered upon a period of peace and material prosperity that has not been equaled during any other era of her history.



LOOKING DOWN A STREET OF MÉRIDA, VENEZUELA

Mérida is the capital of the state of Mérida, Venezuela. The snow-covered summit of Mount Humboldt, which rises to an altitude of somewhat more than eighteen thousand feet, may be seen in the background. Note the old-fashioned water spouts and the Spanish type of architecture of the buildings that flank the street on either side



ENEZUELA AND ITS PEOPLE + +

Impressions Gathered During Recent Months of Travel and Observation

Illustrated with Photographs Made Specially for This Number by Mr. Lee

If one might view the whole of Venezuela from an airplane the eye would immediately pick out of the scene below three distinct sections: *selvas*, *montañas* and *llanos* (forests, mountains and plains). If he could swoop down close enough to examine the surface and still see the whole he would divide Venezuela into five distinct parts:

The highlands of Guiana, running down to the frontier of Brazil and separated from the plains to the north by mountain walls that rise with startling abruptness up to all but inaccessible mesas; the *llanos* (*yan'oce*) stretching six hundred miles long and two hundred and fifty miles wide in the center of the country; the Andes to the southwest; the saucer into which Lake Maracaibo centers; and the coast country to the north.

The Guiana highlands, possibly the oldest rock formation of the world, may hold the "mother lode" from which gold nuggets—"chocanos"—half as large as one's hand are frequently found in the southern tributaries to the mighty Orinoco. Here too are the diamond mines of Venezuela and in these

uplands close to the equator is the climate of spring.

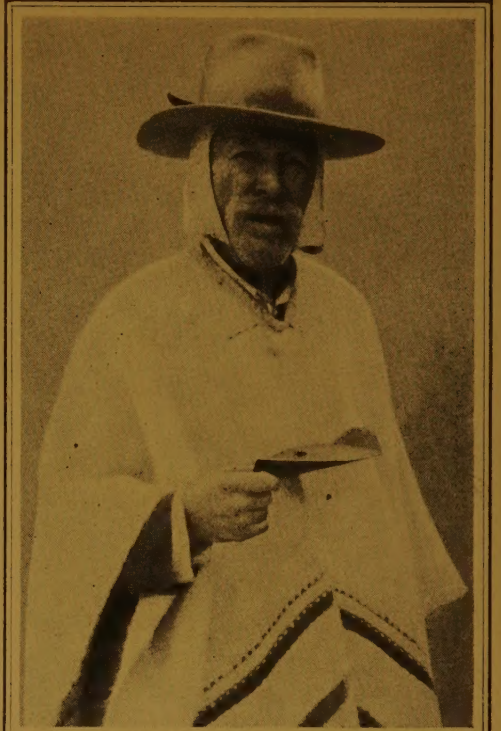
Prehistoric rocks; tumbling rivers playing with gold nuggets; orchid-dotted jungle; monkey, puma and jaguar; naked Indians who hunt with blowgun and poisoned dart; balmy springtime; withering heat; torrents of rain; cataracts with the awful magnificence of Niagara; lush vegetation; barbaric, uncurbed nature—these are lasting impressions of Venezuelan Guiana.

To the north are the llanos—the plains of Venezuela—eighty million acres drained by Rios Tigre, Guarico, Portuguesa and Apure, northern tributaries of the Orinoco. I traveled in this great interior plain for nearly a month. It is quite as interesting as the Andes—never monotonous or tiring. *Hatos* (ah'-toze, meaning cattleranches), some of them as large as Belgium, cover the area. Half-wild cattle and roaming herds of wild horses dot the landscape. In this immense pasture-land area millions of cattle may be raised.

During the dry season all living things of the llanos migrate in search of

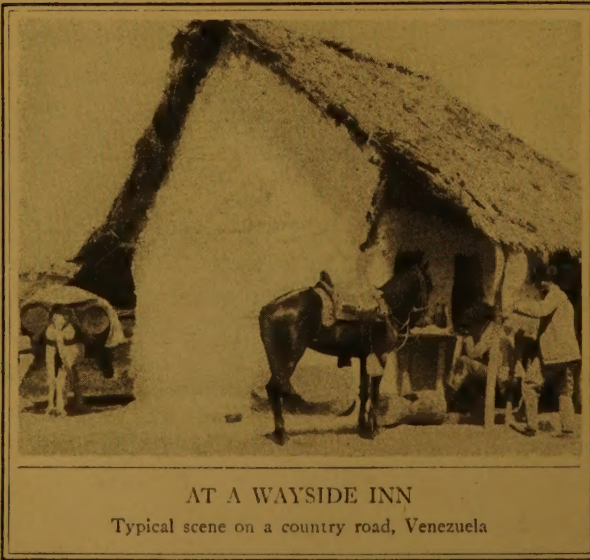
water. During the wet season they hunt for the higher dry spots to escape the rising flood.

It is not a healthy country. Yellow skin, clouded eyes and abdomen distended to the point of deformity, tell of *paludismo*. The people live with it and die from it. With cattle on every hand they seldom taste butter, cream or milk, preferring to live on a kind of soggy corn cake, bitter black coffee and an occasional San Cocho (stew). The *llanero* (yan-ay'-ro) is a worker—



AN OLD ANDINO (MAN OF THE ANDES)

Dressed in ruana and knit hood this old Andino was photographed near Mucuchies in the high Andes. He was greatly interested in the photographic process and saved one of the film covers as a memento. He held it carefully in his hand while the picture was being taken



AT A WAYSIDE INN

Typical scene on a country road, Venezuela

VENEZUELA AND ITS PEOPLE

so long as his work may be done on horseback. One of them laughingly said to me: "We will never have milk to drink until someone invents a way of milking from the back of a horse."

The llanero sleeps in a hammock, rises at four in the morning and with



ANDINO MOTHER AND CHILD

This picture was taken close to an altitude of fifteen thousand feet. The woman, superstitiously fearful, refused to be photographed. However, her attitude was modified by the presentation of a bolivar (twenty cents)

nothing more than a cup of black coffee rides forth to the day's work. He will probably eat nothing until his return in the late afternoon, when he gorges on poorly cooked food of inferior quality. His drinking water during the dry season will come from a stagnant pool in which cattle, horses and hogs wade and wallow. Good water may be had for the digging, but this plainsman elects to live in the poorest and meanest hut, eat poor food, drink unclean water and carry the curse of paludismo, while on his land thousands of cattle graze and his savings—a hoard of gold coin—probably lies buried near by.

The northeastern range of the Andes pushes up out of Colombia into southwestern Venezuela, to form the third great



A SMILING GROUP OF ANDEAN BOYS

Who live at an altitude of twelve thousand feet, where the air is always chill. The boys are barefoot and wear straw hats, but they are covered with the wool ruana for warmth



topographical subdivision of the republic. People and country are the full antithesis of the llanos and llaneros. The Andes rise through varying degrees of climate, from torrid to temperate—even to the frigid zone, and the inhabitants are rugged, industrious, thrifty and intelligent.

From Timotes to San Cristobal—a region of dizzy altitudes, snow-swept paramos, semi-tropical valleys (sunken gardens on majestic scale)—the people raise sugar cane and bananas in the low valleys, coffee and tropical fruits at two thousand to five thousand feet, wheat and other cereals, temperate fruits and potatoes up to ten thousand feet. I ate whole-wheat bread from Andes wheat, yellow apples from Andes trees, drank the native chocolate and coffee, and always

had potatoes and the other vegetables of our own zone.

The Andes Indians are sturdy, with light complexions and pink cheeks. The psychology of the llanero is as foreign to them as it is to us.

The Andes lie in colossal folds. One starts from the banks of a tumbling stream, climbs by a winding trail thousands of feet to cross a ridge which leads down into another valley. I crossed the Paramo of Mucuchies at about fifteen thousand feet, nearly three miles above sea level. On these bleak Andino plateaus only the "speletzia" grows, that curious plant covered with white fuzz, which shoots a cluster of stems three feet above its lance-like leaves and crowns them with scarlet blossoms like a spray of bursting rockets. The leaves are warm; the Indians use them for bedding.

San Cristobal, capital of the Andean state of Tachira, sits in the lap of springtime, with the Andes forming a rim about its little world. Side by side in the market place are apples and bananas, wheat and cacao, stalks of sugar cane and potatoes—fruits of two zones blended in this halfway spot between frost and torrid heat.

Streams of mountain water flow down grassy streets lined with little homes—brown, cream, blue, green, pink and yellow—mellowed and blended into harmony with foliage, flower and sky.

The little park is filled with wild almonds. A flamboyant paints a scarlet splotch against black-greens. Slender palms and eucalypti stand side by side. Roses and honeysuckles mingle heavy perfume with the smell of damp earth. Hibiscus and oleander and laurel blossom under orange trees, and mangoes hold out clusters of reddish-yellow fruit. It is a scene of bewildering color.

Men and women enter the plaza briskly, apparently bent upon important affairs, see this man from another world, slow down, hesitate, then conclude to see what the eccentric "*mesiu*" may be doing with pencil and notebook. They look about as I do, intent upon seeing what I seem to see. They miss it—theirs is a preoccupation of arepas and coffee. They overlook beauty because they have always lived so close to it.

About the plaza are shops in vivid greens, blues and salmon pink—"La

Francia," "Sultan of the Andes," "The Rhine," "Vesuvius," "Niagara" painted in flaunting letters across their fronts. It is truly a cosmopolitan, not to say international, touch, but all effectually hidden away from the outside world by the ever-encircling Andes.

Hanging down into the northwestern part of Venezuela, like a huge water bottle with its mouth open to the Caribbean, is Lake Maracaibo. It is one hundred and fifty miles from neck to base, eighty miles from east to west. It lies in the center of a huge saucer, from the rim of which hundreds of rivers and lesser streams flow down into it. Agriculturally this is one of the richest



CHOCOLATE COMES FROM THESE
Cacao pods, each containing about twenty-five beans somewhat larger than a lima bean. These are fermented, washed, dried and then ground into the chocolate of commerce



A TAPPED RUBBER TREE

The latex, or milk, from which the rubber is made is not the sap of the tree, as some think. It is found in little cells which the tapper opens with a knife designed for that purpose



GENERAL LEON JURADO, FORMER PRESIDENT
OF THE STATE OF GUARICO
The general exhibits some ripe mangoes, on a tree near Calabozo
in the llanos

districts of Venezuela. Cane, cacao, bananas, rice, corn and cotton find this a congenial spot. It is potentially rich and scarcely tapped.

Beneath the surface of this basin are great areas of petroleum. Some of these pools have been tapped and are now producing annually millions of barrels of this modern fuel, but the extent of the district is as yet merely guessed.

Maracaibo—a city of harsh contrasts, throbbing activity, filth, dust, lumbering trucks, a modern skyscraper pushing up between hovels, a city of eighty thousand without water supply or sewer, high-powered automobiles, drunken, cursing drillers and their half-caste women, Indians

on the streets in native costume and painted faces, swarms of flies, waiting vultures, easy money, ships waiting to pile the contents of their holds on docks already crowded with steel rails, iron pipe, automobiles, bathtubs, bales, boxes and casks, soap, flour and bonbons.

The Maracaibero, fattening on the drippings from pipeline or tanker, is as different from llanero and Andino as either of these is different from the Caraqueño.



A GARZA

This bird is a member of the rather numerous garza family. The white garza produces the egret of commerce

VENEZUELA AND ITS PEOPLE

The fifth great subdivision embraces the northern plains and the coast country. It takes in the important agricultural district including Valencia, Maracay and the other cities tributary to the Caribbean. The capital, Caracas, only eight miles *through* the coast range (thirty miles *over* it) from the Caribbean, Barcelona, Cumuna', Carúpano and the coast country close to them, is the Venezuela best known to the outside world—the Venezuela of small agriculturists, merchants, traders and peons and the Caracas ruling caste and educated classes.

In this subdivision are the two capitals of Venezuela—Maracay, the little capital, set down in the Plains of Aragua, a clean, modern, neat city, preserving the old Spanish type of architecture. Here is the real home of General Gomez and perhaps the present real capital of the republic. Maracay, set at the base of the mountains that bar it from Ocumare de la Costa and the Caribbean, occupies a strategic point. An army from the llanos or from the Andes would be forced to pass it in order to reach Caracas, the ancient capital and seat of government.

Then there is Caracas, the beautiful, spread out in the Plain of La Guaira; Caracas, city of contrasts, where ultramodernism flows through streets side by side with sluggish currents that moved in the days of the conquistador; high-powered automobiles and overloaded trucks struggle through traffic



THE SAMAN—THE GREAT SHADE TREE OF VENEZUELA

The tree shown above has a spread of about three hundred feet



YOUTHFUL VENEZUELAN WATER CARRIERS

During the dry season in the llanos (plains) water boys carry water from some near-by water hole and distribute it through the villages, charging a fixed sum per litre

glutted with mule trains, cargadores staggering under huge burdens, lines of mule carts, the charcoalvender, the flower carrier, the bread man who delivers his rolls from barrels carried on muleback, the milk man with milk cans slung beneath his saddle flap, sellers of lottery tickets, Martiniquecooks carrying huge baskets of fruit and vegetables on their tur-

baned heads, mounted caballeros; choked and glutted streets where the twentieth century struggles with remnants of the sixteenth; a city of red-tiled roofs and patio homes that follow each other block after block in somber monotony; churches—scores of them—with mantilla-wrapped women and girls constantly passing in and out; beautiful parks, palm-shaded patios, ancient doorways whose spike-studded planks have answered to the knocking of three centuries; the market place, where a horn of plenty has spilled the fruits, vegetables and blossoms of the temperate and torrid zones on fly-covered pavement; stalls and booths, where the scent of exotic flowers mingles with the acrid smell of sweaty burros and the odor of festoons of garlic spread out on the market steps.

Caracas—city where Paris-gowned women roll over paved boulevards in limousines; where a wholly modern girl in bobbed hair and short skirt trips unaccompanied down narrow sidewalks; where men in silk hats, morning coats and with walking sticks rub elbows with the cargadore in white cotton garment, barefoot except for carpet slippers; a city of contrasts, from luxury to poverty, from rare beauty to ugliness; a city set in the lap of everlasting springtime and hedged in by mountains covered with coffee fincas, mountains which lift themselves nine thousand feet above her glistening domes and spires, beautiful, fascinating paradox—capital of Venezuela.

The population of the Guianas, aside from the wild Indians, are hunters for gold, balata (low-grade rubber) and zerrapia (tonka bean used for curing tobacco). Those of the llanos are cattlemen whose lives are spent in the

VENEZUELA AND ITS PEOPLE

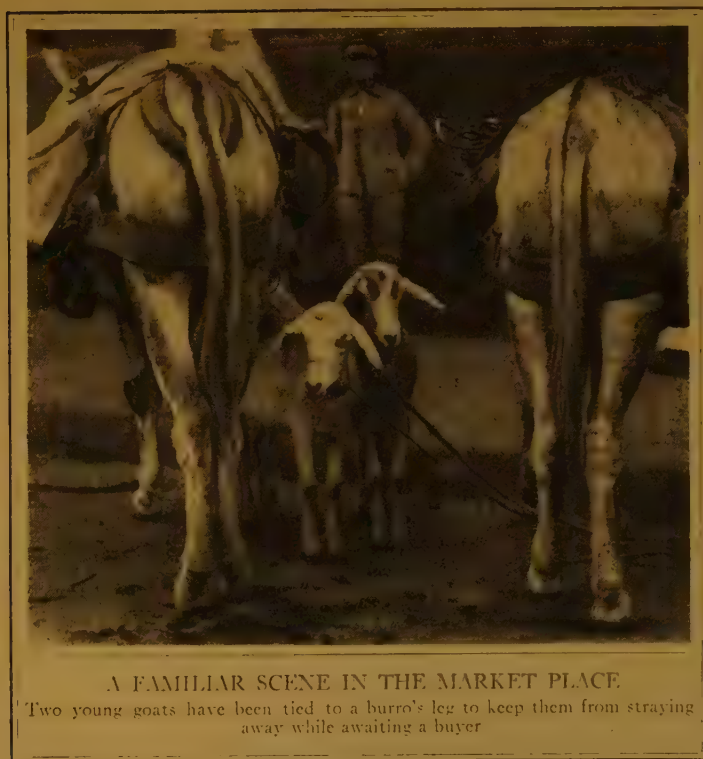
saddle. The Andino is an agriculturist. The Maracaibero is merchant or trader. The typical Caraqueño gravitates toward the liberal professions or art, while the Venezuelan of the northern plains and coast is rancher, merchant or small manufacturer. The five sections differ as radically in their human element as they do in their topography and products.

Venezuela always faces a complex race problem. The conquistadors, who four and one-quarter centuries ago brought the European stock to the South American continent, were not all of one breed. They came from Spanish provinces of varied race. The Basques were not even of Latin ancestry. Those from Seville were of Oriental origin. Others, influenced by the Moorish invasion, were not unlike the Berbers, that indomitable race scattered over North Africa from the Red Sea to the Atlantic.



"THE SUBSTANCE OF THINGS WISHED FOR"

There was no difficulty in photographing this youngster. He was rooted to the spot



A FAMILIAR SCENE IN THE MARKET PLACE

Two young goats have been tied to a burro's leg to keep them from straying away while awaiting a buyer

Likewise the Indian tribes of Venezuela differed widely in character, manners and customs. These races mixed and then, as the Indians were exploited and their numbers began to dwindle, African slaves were imported. It would seem that fate has helped them wreak a fine vengeance upon the race which enslaved them, for as the African women mated with conquistador, creole or mestizo they not only darkened the skin of this "race in the making," they introduced

into its general character elements of weakness—sensuality, idleness, servility—elements destined to retard national progress and to render difficult, if not insoluble, a racial problem which has to do with national wealth, with stability of government and with industrial systems. It became acute about the time Venezuela achieved independence. Prior to that time the predominance of Europeans had screened the question from general view. The war for freedom was not an international conflict as is generally believed. It was civil strife between royalist and revolutionist—a struggle in which thousands of European blood were exterminated, leaving a preponderance of mestizo, Indian and Negro. The latter, wholly lacking in restraint and in the art of self-government, has invariably occasioned continuous or intermittent disorder wherever he has appeared in dominant numbers throughout Latin America—Haiti being the example *par excellence*.

To understand the racial mixture, certain terms should be defined:

Creole—one born in America of European parents.

Mestizo—the child resulting from any mixture of races.

Mulatto—the mestizo resulting from the admixture of Negro and Caucasian.

Zambo—the mestizo resulting from the cross of Indian and Negro.

There are many other grades and classifications, but these are the principal ones. The problem has always been an irritating one. In early days much time, money and effort were spent by colonists in attempting to establish by law the purity of their blood strain and an untarnished family escutcheon.

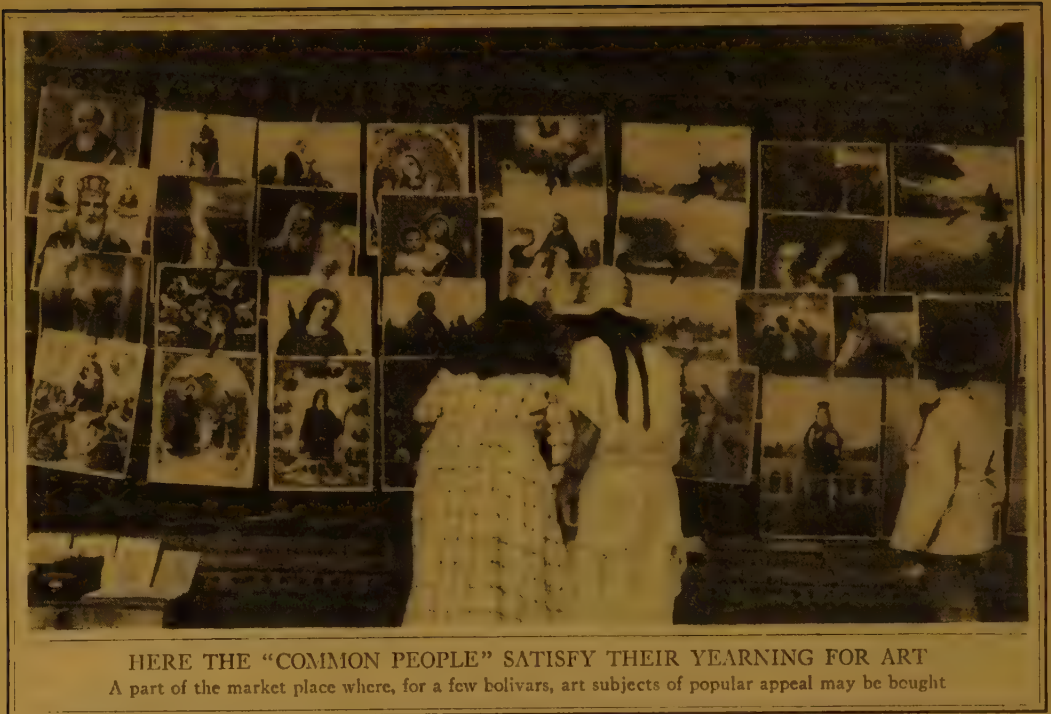


A MULE TRAIN EN ROUTE THROUGH A VENEZUELAN STREET

Mule trains carry everything from coffee to cestas of wine, and wind their way through every Venezuelan city. The merchandise is carefully packed and the whole is covered with a home-tanned ox hide to keep off the rain.



MARKET SCENE IN MARACAIBO, BOOM TOWN OF THE OIL FIELDS, VENEZUELA



HERE THE "COMMON PEOPLE" SATISFY THEIR YEARNING FOR ART
A part of the market place where, for a few bolivars, art subjects of popular appeal may be bought

That the present government has achieved and maintained peace, financial soundness, foreign credit, internal development and prosperity for sixteen years, in the face of this baffling question of race assimilation, compels the admiration of those who watch the struggle between the forces of civilization and those of anarchy.

Venezuelan economists and sociologists agree that the solution to this problem lies in the steady introduction of European colonists until racial equilibrium has been restored, until racial elements, practiced in self-government, industry and thrift, outnumber the negative or detrimental elements which now predominate.

The business of growing food products and raw materials for clothing is the most important one. Venezuelan farmers produce one hundred million pounds of coffee annually (a little matter of four billion cups), much cacao, sugar, zerrapia, rubber, cotton, rice, tobacco, corn, other cereals and fruits. The llanos produce cattle.

From these and other minor products come the bulk of the people's food, but great quantities of these raw products are bought by the people of other nations. Frequently these other peoples, by their labor and skill, change the raw material into a finished product and often return it in manufactured form to the Venezuelan who produced it. We buy the cacao, convert it into chocolate and return it as candy. The rubber returns as automobile tires; hides come back to the llanero in the form of shoes, and crude oil from Maracaibo returns to Caracas as gasoline.

VENEZUELA AND ITS PEOPLE

Juan Vicente Gomez, president of Venezuela for the past sixteen years, has done much to help "make ends meet." Under his rule the farmer has found that he can produce a surplus of coffee, corn or rice without fear of losing it to some marauding band. He lives and works in peace and security and during recent years he has produced so bountifully that, above actual national needs, Venezuela sells enough to other peoples not only to pay for what she buys from them but enough, indeed, to create a surplus, which economists call a "balance of trade."

Venezuela has paid her debts as they came due, bought from the international counter what she needed and saved millions of dollars for a national surplus fund. While doing this she has invested sums running into millions of dollars in a system of good roads, which in turn have increased her output. The isolated farmer, who formerly could not raise surplus corn or beans because the cost of hauling them to market was greater than the value of the product, now lives (in many cases) beside a highway which carries what he cannot himself use to favorable markets, at reasonable cost.

Venezuela lives on her farm products. What she eats, wears and builds into shelter, the cost of what she buys from other peoples and the expense of government comes from wealth wrung from her soil. Her mineral wealth is only beginning to help pay the nation's bills.

The government's income is derived from the duties imposed upon prac-



BOYS OF A PRIVATE SCHOOL IN CARACAS, VENEZUELA
Noontime and the youngsters are filing out for recess

VENEZUELA AND ITS PEOPLE

tically all goods that enter the country; from some of the products that are raised in the country and shipped out; from a stamp tax imposed upon checks, notes, bills of lading, deeds, etc.—in fact, upon nearly every business transaction; from the maintenance of government monopolies; from concessions granted for the exploitation of national resources such as oil, serrapia and balata, and the concessions for the establishment of private monopolies. There are, of course, minor sources of income, but these are the main ones.

The present Venezuelan Government, severely criticized though it has been by the "outs," has nevertheless restored economic equilibrium to a remarkable degree. Venezuela is not only "making ends meet" to-day, she is laying up money in the national "savings bank." Juan Vicente Gomez has stimulated farm output, by maintaining peace at any cost, by deliberately encouraging cotton growing through the building of cotton mills, by opening thousands of kilometers of highways, by an efficient system of customs collection and government economy which has permitted the paying of outstanding debts and the amassing of a national surplus.

Venezuela needs wealth producers, colonists who will convert rich soil, rain and sunshine into corn and coffee; she needs continued peace and the development of private initiative among her own nationals to supplant governmental monopolies and governmental forays into enterprises commercial in character, and wholly outside the true function of government.



PIAZZA OF THE AMERICAN LEGATION IN CARACAS, VENEZUELA
The Honorable Willis Cook, American minister to Venezuela, is standing in the background



IMON * * BOLIVAR *

Liberator of Venezuela

Ninety-five years ago Santa Marta, on the Caribbean coast of Colombia, was an ancient and decayed village. A few miles outside of it was an old plantation. On the seventeenth day of December, in 1830, on a canvas cot in a room of the plantation house, a slight but distinguished-looking man, not yet in the prime of his life, lay dying. He had liberated the greater part of a continent. He had been courted and praised, admired and loved by half a world. Romance, heroism and genius had conspired to set him above his fellows, and yet, on that December day, the world had forgotten him and only an old servant stood by his bedside as he passed away.

Simon Bolivar was buried in the little church at Santa Marta, where the mass was sung for his departed spirit.

For twelve years Venezuela, Colombia, Peru, Ecuador and Bolivia, the great territory that he had liberated, writhed in a turmoil of revolution, political chaos, fruitless war, passionate ambition, bloodshed—and then the world remembered. The body of the Liberator was carried to Caracas amidst much ceremony and placed in the cathedral. It is said, however, that his heart was left in an urn in the old church at Santa Marta where mass had been sung when he died.

Simon Bolivar was born about the time of the close of our War of the Revolution. He came of a rich and distinguished family. His ancestors had been grandees of Spain; his father was one of the leaders of the new colony. The father died when he was three, the mother when he was fifteen. His training fell to the lot of an eccentric old friend of the family, Simon Rodrigues.

When he was eighteen the boy went to visit friends in Mexico and narrowly escaped death by shipwreck. At nineteen he was sent to Spain to complete his education.

Before he was twenty Bolivar married in Spain and returned with his wife to Caracas. In ten months she was dead and he was on the way



Sally James Farnham, sculptor

STATUE OF SIMON BOLIVAR

Presented by the Republic of Venezuela to the United States Government and erected in 1919 in Central Park, New York City

SIMON BOLIVAR

back to Spain with the body of his bride. He did not marry again.

In France Bolivar met and came to know Napoleon. Returning by way of the United States he visited the larger Atlantic cities. It is said that he visited the tomb of Washington, where he swore to devote his life to the liberation of the American colonies of Spain.

Bolivar then returned to Caracas and entered the army for the purpose of enlisting his fellow officers in the cause of colonial freedom. His father's large estate, divided between the three sons, gave each a large fortune. Bolivar's income at that time was said to have been \$25,000 a year.

In 1810 Bolivar's activity against the Spanish Government compelled him to leave the country to escape punishment. He returned, however, the latter part of 1810, and the declaration of independence followed. The republic was organized, Miranda became military leader, Puerto Cabello was captured, after which the revolutionary army suffered defeat at Victoria in the plains of Aragua. A quarrel between Miranda and Bolivar followed, and Miranda was betrayed into the hands of the Spanish.

This left Bolivar natural leader of the revolution, a post which he continued to occupy until the end of the war. Through his efforts Colombia, Venezuela and Ecuador were united, and he became their first president. Then he went into Peru and Bolivia and freed those countries from Spanish rule. Bolivia was named in his honor.

In 1826 he became president and protector of Bolivia but returned to



THE FONT IN THE CASA BOLIVAR IN WHICH THE LIBERATOR WAS BAPTIZED

SIMON BOLIVAR

Venezuela the following year to become its president. It was then that General Paez, who was one of Simon Bolivar's trusted friends and adherents, rebelled against him, became dictator of Venezuela and declared it to be a separate state. Colombia, still loyal to its liberator, again made him president. Somewhat later he returned to Caracas, but Venezuela banished him. It was then that he sought refuge on the plantation of a friend near the old city of Santa Marta, near the Caribbean coast of Colombia.

The old Bolivar homestead in Caracas looks out upon a little square, across from the market. It is the

place where he was born. Its plan, fittings and interior arrangements are typical of the luxurious colonial mansions in the second half of the seventeenth century. There are spacious halls, a fine courtyard, or patio, with the stone font in which Bolivar was baptized, the old corral and an alluring little garden seen through a Spanish arch. This old homestead now belongs to the nation. It is the Mount Vernon of Venezuela—the Bolivar Museum—for here have been gathered those remaining things intimately associated with his career. And so, after a life shot through with sheer romance, after liberating and ruling half a continent, after having been denied by his own people and banished from the land that he had liberated, Simon Bolivar came back after death infinitely more powerful than ever. Nations, cities and provinces have been named for him; the money unit of Venezuela is the "bolivar." Bronze statues of him, marble busts, plaster images, engraved likenesses, adorn the parks, public buildings and homes of the people of five countries, for whose cause he fought, that they might win the right to make their own laws and govern their own lands free from the dictation of the monarchy across the seas that had long held them in bonds. The fire, genius and heroism of someone was needed by these repressed and oppressed colonics—Bolivar supplied it.



STATUE ERECTED TO SIMON BOLIVAR IN THE
PANTHEON AT CARACAS, VENEZUELA



CLOSE POR- TRAIT OF GOMEZ

The Most Loved and Most Hated Man of His Continent

"There is little of pain—there is little of regret that I have not known—but I have tasted much of satisfaction."

He said it with a curiously appealing smile—this Porfirio Diaz of South America—the remarkable man who, in sixteen years, has turned Venezuela from bankruptcy to solvency; who has converted international enmities into friendships, given peace and industry in place of revolution and idleness; who, with the building of roads, has tied an isolated group of communities into federal unity; whose motto is, "Peace, Work and Country."

Juan Vicente Gomez, president of Venezuela, last of the great caudillos, preëminently the most striking ruler in Latin America to-day, is sixty-eight years of age. To his friends he is Restorer, Savior, Benemerito—to his foes Dictator, Despot, Tyrant. He is the most loved and the most hated man of his continent. In the eyes of Washington and the North American people he is perhaps the most important figure in Spanish American politics.

I had traveled months in the republic before I attempted to see the man who controlled its destiny. Wherever I went this man Gomez was there in spirit or influence. I knew him for his works long before I saw him.

A hundred and fifteen kilometers southwest from Caracas, in the town of Maracay, the general has built his little capital, and there I went to see him.

The presidential home is a large, solid building of the Spanish type, with deep-set, barred windows, one entrance, and a cool patio filled with palms and shrubs.

We passed through the long entryway into the patio, where groups of men awaited their turn with the general. One by one they went into his presence. As they came out their faces did not trouble to conceal satisfaction, apprehension, disappointment, fear. General Gomez rules his followers and his people with a firm hand in which the three functions of government unite—his word is final.

We crossed the patio, then on past guards and through Spanish door-



A CLOSE PORTRAIT OF GOMEZ

ways. The president was standing as we entered the audience chamber.

"Ah, Señor Lec. *Me alegre mucho. Como esta? Como esta?*" ("Ah, Mr. Lec. I am very glad. How are you? How are you?") This with an engaging smile and an air of simple cordiality. "*Vamos à pasar un dia en el campo.*" ("We are going to pass a day in the country.")

The man before me was stockily built—a virile physical being. At sixty-eight there was nothing senile about this figure. He was a little above medium height. He wore an olive drab uniform, with high tan boots, loose blouse and broad-brimmed Panama hat. Bars indicating the rank of general were on his shoulders. He has the nose of a leader, wide forehead, high cheekbones of the Andino. His small eyes were covered with horn-rimmed glasses. His mouth is concealed below a grayish, drooping mustache which frames a rather small chin. His face is kind.

As we rode along well-kept country roads shaded by great saman trees I said to him:

"Señor Presidente, I have traveled over thousands of miles of your roads. What was in your mind when you spent so many millions to build them?"

"Señor Lec," he replied, "your people have had roads and railways so long that you have forgotten, or you now overlook, their important function in welding a country together and developing it. Twenty-five years ago

Venezuela was a loosely connected group of neighborhoods, with very little interest in common, because they did not know each other and could not communicate with one another. The people of the Andes disliked or feared the llaneros and the Maracaiberos hated the Caraqueños. To go from Mérida in the Andes to Ciudad Bolívar on the Orinoco by mule (the only means of traveling) meant more than a month of hardship. When I became president, I believed my first duty to Venezuela was to bind it together. There was only one way to do this: tie the various states of the country together with roads. We have pushed these permanent highways into the llanos, down to



GENERAL GOMEZ WITH HIS FAMILY

The president, standing in the center, is surrounded by his family and a friend. On the president's right are José Vicente Gomez, son and vice president, and Dr. Requena, confidential friend of the president. On the president's left are two younger sons and a grandson

A CLOSE PORTRAIT OF GOMEZ



the coast, into the central valleys and across the Andes. We have made it possible to go speedily and safely by automobile or camion where a few years ago it was unsafe to go on a mule's back. These roads are primarily arteries along which the police power of a central government may reach to maintain peace—their economic function is really secondary, for without peace and a stable government economic development is impossible. We have spent millions to accomplish this and the work is still going on and will continue until each isolated section is tied into the national bundle—made an inseparable part of the federation. The economic value of the roads is already apparent. Producers of coffee, cacao, sugar, cotton, cheese or hides pocket a greater margin of profit, as they pay less for freight and as their merchandise costs them less. I believe the roads save their cost to our people at least once each year."

"General Gomez," I said, "tell me of the time you took two hundred men and routed an army down near San Matco."

His face lighted and he drew up his bridle rein.

"Ah, you know that—yes, that was a fight. The revolutionists came up from the llanos, fourteen thousand strong, to overthrow us—we were only three thousand men. So sure were they of victory that one of the leaders had even sent word to have his Caracas home prepared for his coming. Yes, they were very sure. I had been wounded—had a bullet in my leg here" (pointing). "I was in bed with fever, but it was time to act. I decided that strategy must take the place of numbers. I chose two hundred men and we took twenty-seven thousand rounds of cartridges. We made our way through the mountains which you saw to the south of San Matco and then when no one dreamed of our presence we fell upon the headquarters of the revolutionary troops. They ran, oh, how they ran, believing in the night that the whole of the federal army was upon them. One man took his men back to Coro, another to Monagas, another to Ciudad Bolivar. I followed them with a small army, one by one, scattered their troops and a year later fought my

A CLOSE PORTRAIT OF GOMEZ

final battle in Ciudad Bolivar. Since then there has been peace in Venezuela—twenty-two years of peace.

"When I had fought the last battle and had telegraphed to President Castro that peace was at last established he wrote me a letter which I have never shown or had published. In it he said: 'General, you are the man who has really brought peace to our country.'"

"Shall I quote that, Señor Presidente?"

"Yes, yes," he said, smiling, "write it down."

"Mr. President," I said, "I have been told that you believe your mission is more or less a providential one."

He smiled queerly, almost apologetically.

"Yes, I do believe that Providence is using me, I feel it. I have been threatened with death many times, but I have no fear; so long as I am of use to Venezuela in this time of transition I will not be harmed. I believe that I will be unharmed until my work is finished."

The president was born on a little farm in the Andes. The Andino people are early risers. General Gomez, in spite of honor, position and wealth, has never given up his boyhood habits. He arises at five in the morning, eats a light breakfast and begins his work. At seven he receives his business manager, his cabinet, his staff or his physician. By eight the day's routine is well under way. He drinks no alcoholic liquor and smokes little. After the



PRESIDENT GOMEZ IN HIS CATTLE PASTURE AT MARACAY



PRESIDENT GOMEZ CALLS ATTENTION TO A PRIZE YOKE OF OXEN

noon meal he lies down for half an hour, then works until four-thirty, after which he drives until seven, dines at eight and retires about nine.

His people were simple, hard-working Andinos. Juan began to work early in life, for the Andes people are industrious and thrifty.

Juan Vicente was the father's favorite. When on his deathbed the priest said to him: "Would it not be well to put your affairs into shape, death may be near?" the father replied: "It is not necessary; Juan will take charge." Juan did take charge and became head of the family. He also became neighborhood leader, best shot, best rider, best lassoer. His trading business increased. He developed credit. Then Castro needed him and brought him with the victorious army over the Andes into the central plains and to Caracas. When Castro left for Europe he left Gomez in charge of the government. Castro was unpopular and never again reached Venezuela. Juan Vicente Gomez has remained in charge, little by little learning the difficult rôle of dictator. He changed the constitution to serve his purpose, or the purpose of government suited to his people. He has made money until he is to-day one of the richest men in South America. He is a good business man and a good farmer and he knows his people well enough to govern them and give them peace. At sixty-eight he is still vigorous. He might live as did Diaz to govern to the age of eighty-one. If he does it is probable that he can hold his people together and continue to govern on the present plan.

LIFE IN VENEZUELA

IMPRESSIONS OF THE PEOPLE, THEIR
LIFE, THEIR WORK AND THEIR AMUSEMENTS

Illustrated With Photographs Recently Made by Thomas F. Lee



A YOUNG LADY OF CARACAS, VENEZUELA

Quite as modish and generally up-to-date as are her sisters of Paris, New York or Buenos Aires. Much of the ancient social restraint has been removed, to be supplanted by an independence which gives to "Miss Venezuela" an added charm

THE upper strata of Venezuelan social life may claim a cultural development that equals that of any other people. This group is limited in number—probably not more than five per cent of the whole. It is made up of the intellectuals who have preserved higher racial strains and traditions. They know the world's art, music and literature. They speak the languages of other peoples and are at home in other lands. The question of daily existence has never vexed them, for their material welfare has always been assured. This has developed culture—the birthright of leisure, fine breeding and high intellectual endowments. This group serves as the thin steel reinforcement in the concrete mass of Venezuela's sociological structure, which not only makes it possible for it to bear its own weight but, at the same time, permits the uplifting of the inferior masses to higher levels.



A GARDEN PARTY AT A SUBURBAN HOME, CARACAS, VENEZUELA

Caracas enjoys a delightful social life, participated in by an upper class of intellectuals—people of high culture—who have preserved their old Spanish traditions and added to them much of the charm of the new world. In the above group are to be found Hon. Willis C. Cook, American minister (second from left), and M. Javousse de Sillac, French minister (second from right)

LIFE IN VENEZUELA

A TUNNEL eight miles long through the coast range of the Andes would connect Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, with the seaport La Guaira and the Caribbean. One travels nearly thirty miles between these places, however, over scenic railway or a concrete highway which skirts sheer precipices or clings to the sides of bare cliffs in its winding way over this mountain spur and down into the valley of La Guaira. I rode a mule over this mountain barrier on the old Spanish trail, halfway up La Silla (highest peak of the range—9,000 feet). From the height, Caracas is a place of red roofs, tiled domes and thin white ribbons for streets—all etched into a background of the vivid green which carpets the floor of La Guaira Valley. On either side rise gray mountains softened in the afternoons by cloud shadows. Over these ridges to north and south hang swelling cloud masses. When it rains the black clouds pour over the mountain tops to the north and empty their contents on the coffee groves that cover the slopes above the city.

Caracas, now with more than 100,000

people, is an ancient Spanish city cut up into narrow, rectangular streets on which face row after row, block after block, the conventional patio houses which give to these Spanish cities an air of somber monotony..

The Caracas of to-day is a place of contrast. The spirit of modernism runs rampant but side by side with ancient things. Streets are glutted with luxurious limousines struggling to make headway through a crowded thoroughfare laid out to accommodate mounted hidalgos and Indian carriers. One first notices the great number of automobiles and trucks and the din of horns, for, with narrow streets and sharp corners, the law requires two horns to each car and rules that at least one of them be sounded three times as each street intersection is approached. The result is deafening. It is a chauffeur's paradise, for pedestrian, mule train, cochero, milkman and cartero give way before the speed and noise of the Caracas motor car.

The city is laid out in regular streets properly numbered, but no one finds his house or shop in this manner, for in ancient

times each street intersection was named. One four corners would be El Negro Primero (The First Negro), the next Callejon Mercedes (Alley of Mercy). If I lived between them I would direct my cocheró: "The First Negro to the Alley of Mercy, Number 6." I know of no other city in the world where this curious system applies. Other names that aroused my delight were "Tail of the Duck" to "Blind Street," "The Deer" to "The Little Birds," "The Heart of Jesus" to "The Rosary." A friend of mine, José Santo (Joseph Saint), in Holy Week moved from the Barrio de San Juan (St. John) to a house between the street corners of "Jesus" and "Little Angels."

Even without automobiles, trucks, motorcycles and bicycles Caracas streets would be jammed. There are hundreds of cocheros with their comfortable horse-drawn victorias. Pack trains of mules and burros wind down every street, bringing in coffee, beans, corn, barbed wire, sugar or lumber; strings of two-wheeled carts—perhaps six of them in charge of one driver—wind their way through this crowded traffic, the nose of each mule following close to the tailboard of the cart in front of him. All day long one sees the

bread man riding a mule with a barrel of rolls or bread hanging on each side of the animal. The milkman comes on horse or mule, the cans of milk secured by a hook under the saddle flap. The vegetable man is everywhere with his wheelbarrow of oranges, pineapples or garlic; the charcoal man, driving a diminutive burro to a huge cart, is always in the way; lottery sellers cry their wares; cargadores go by carrying inconceivably heavy burdens, and the flower carrier comes down every street like the leader of a procession, bearing a huge set piece of roses, violets, daisies or orchids to some wedding, tea party, birthday celebration or funeral.

The narrow sidewalks are crowded with rich and poor, white and black, barefoot and shod. Men with silk hats, morning coats and walking sticks; Indians in white cotton "pajamas" and carpet slippers, with tump lines about their foreheads, bear huge bales, bags or boxes on their backs. Colored servants go to and from market with baskets of fruits, vegetables or chickens on their heads. They step off the walk that those of higher caste may pass.

Beautiful women in Paris gowns roll by in



FRONT OF VENEZUELA'S "WHITE HOUSE"

Due to the present national prosperity and to the hundreds of miles of macadam or concrete roads, a great many automobiles are to be found in the city of Caracas. These "rent cars" are parked to one side of the Casa Amarilla—the White House of Venezuela



From a photograph by V. A. Leon

A GROUP OF VENEZUELAN YOUNG WOMEN

This is a graduating class from one of the private schools of the capital

limousines. The Caracas modern girl, with bobbed hair, short skirt and latest mode of dress, passes blithely by, unaccompanied, capable, independent. There are Martinique cooks with bandanna turbans, dandies in London clothes, priests in shovel hats and gowns, uniformed army officers, llaneros in brown plush hats and garb of the plains, and men of the mountains carrying their blue and red ruanas over their shoulders—men, women and children of every color and caste pass in the steady parade of Caracas streets.

If the exterior of the Caracas home is jail-like, the interior patio is generally a lovely garden. The outer door reaches almost to the roof. One presses an electric button and a servant opens a small door in a larger one. A tile-lined corridor leads from the street to a second door, above which one always finds an image of the Christ with an electric light above it.

Through the second door is the patio, open to the cool of the evening, the sun of midday, the rain. It is usually filled with flowers, palms and tropical shrubs. A sheltered corridor runs about the four sides, from which the rooms of the home open. The sala, comfortably, even luxuriously, fur-

nished in homes of the better class, fronts the street. Cushioned seats built into the deep-set barred windows provide a place where the señoritas, afternoons and evenings, may watch the passing show, be seen and where they may chat with the casual suitor—know the thrill of a handclasp through the grille. A visitor to Caracas will never forget fresh, beautiful faces that he has seen looking out from behind screens or through the barred windows of homes in this charming city.

These homes of the better class are provided with telephone, modern plumbing, hot water and bathtub, electric light, player piano, phonograph—but in the kitchen the cook prepares the meal over a charcoal fire built in little openings in a forge-like bench of stone or concrete. It is all but impossible to teach the lower class the use of modern conveniences or labor-saving devices. They vaguely fear their use will in some way make their own service unnecessary.

Caraqueños of the higher caste live much as do the Europeans or North Americans of the same class. The women of the family import hats and gowns from Paris, while male attire is modeled after that of London



GARDENS OF A TYPICAL COUNTRY ESTATE IN THE SUBURBS OF CARACAS, VENEZUELA



PATIO OF A COUNTRY HOTEL

This is the "lobby" of the Hotel Central in Calabozza. It is, in fact, a typical patio of the little hotels of the llanos, littered, not overclean, but generally cool and redeemed from ugliness by tropical foliage

or Paris. The French and Dutch boats that touch at La Guaira provide a salon fitted up with an attractive display of latest European apparel and articles of toilette, so that Continental shops float into Venezuela's port at least once every ten days.

The diversions of the upper-class Caraqueño do not differ greatly from those of his class in New York, Paris or London. Caracas' climate is never-ending springtime, so that garden parties and late afternoon teas in these charming patios and gardens, with music and dancing and other diversions, are popular. The Caraqueño is familiar with golf bag and tennis racquet and plays at the country club or Paraiso. Some of the men still fight cocks from early Sunday morning to midday breakfast. Throughout the country districts this is a universal custom. There is an occasional bullfight and frequent horse racing. Concerts and operas play their part in the life of the people, while dinners, balls, picnics and formal state functions fill out the round of gayeties. The men of the upper class in Caracas are generally owners of land. Their "farm" is run by a mayordomo, while they themselves probably dabble

with one of the liberal professions or with art. The commercial activity of the city is largely carried on by foreigners.

The half-caste population is comfortable, well-fed and comparatively well dressed. It runs the color scale from black to white and makes up the bulk of the people. The dress of the lower-caste man is usually a two-piece cotton garment. He may wear a cheap hat, but his feet will always be shod with alpargatas (slippers) with a hole through which protrudes the great toe, and through which uncomfortable grains of sand may find exit.

Shops that are a cross between a saloon and a delicatessen shop are always filled with men and women who seem to be well supplied with money and to be well kept and happy. The occasional beggar of the street failed to arouse my pity. He was too well dressed and nourished.

Through the country districts one often sees people bowling on the green, using round stones for balls. They dance the jorobo all night to the music of an accordion, and they never do lose an opportunity to gratify their instinct for gambling



"BOOTBLACK ROW" IN THE MARKET PLACE AT CARACAS, VENEZUELA



TRAFFIC IN CARACAS STREETS

This picture well shows the crowded condition of Caracas streets. This is one of the few thoroughfares little used by automobiles, but most streets of the city are jammed with mule carts, pack trains, cargadores, trucks, automobiles and coaches



GIRLS OF THE LLANOS, VENEZUELA

During the dry season there is little water available for any purpose, so that the llanera rises early and carries her "wash" to some distant water hole, where the laundry work is done. These girls are on their way home at seven o'clock in the morning, after having walked three miles to do the family "wash"

HAPPY DAYS IN SAFUNÉ, SAMOA

THE SIMPLE LIFE OF A JOYOUS, PEACE-
LOVING NATION IN THE SOUTH SEAS

BY FREDERICK O'BRIEN

*Author of "White Shadows in the South Seas," "Mystic Isles
of the South Seas" and "Atolls of the Sun"*

Illustrations by Frances Flaherty



SUMMONING A VILLAGE CONCLAVE

Lupa'ga, the chief, is blowing a conch to call the elders of Safuné to gather in the guest house.
The triton shell, always used for this purpose, can be heard at a great distance

ADORNED always with flowers, with necklaces of sweet-smelling buds and nuts about their necks, exquisitely clean in their persons, the smiles and tears ever at the beck of emotion, the people of Safuné are set apart from all the races I have known in the diversified world. The inventions of mankind, the machine monster in whose maw we struggle, the sweep of history and the rage of philosophies affect them as little as the theory of Einstein. They dwell in a peace and detachment incredible to the Occidental, and it is good to have lived among them ere, as is inevitable, they fall before the encroaching march of civilization.—FREDERICK O'BRIEN.



A WALKING PARTY FROM SAFUNÉ

Groups of relations or friends often stroll through the island, depending on the hospitality of the villages they visit for food and lodging. They are always welcomed at the guest house with a *kava* ceremony. Sometimes an entire village makes a walking picnic for a week, and hospitality is strained. In this picture the Safuné folk are starting off for a pleasant hike

HAPPY DAYS IN SAFUNÉ, SAMOA

BY FREDERICK O'BRIEN

IN THE village of Safuné in Samoa are a peculiar people; most peculiar in that they are happy with hardly any possessions and that all they have they share. They are a simple, sweet, joyous family of a few hundred men, women and children, who take little care for the morrow, but rely largely on an indulgent nature to nurture them. They are handsome in form, graceful in motion and childish in intellect. The world to them is Safuné, the outlying villages its satellites, and the distant islands and continents of which they hear, the dim and easily forgotten glimmer of stars in an alien heaven.

Safuné is but one beach and valley on the island of Savaii, the largest of the Samoan archipelago. It is two weeks' steaming from San Francisco; thousands of miles through lonely waters. But in actuality Safuné is as distant from America as the mountains of the moon. The hearts and souls of the people of Safuné are as different from ours as were the red Indians' when Pocahontas loved John Rolfe. No white man not born to their ways and reared in their habits can pierce that strange, soft, elusive envelope of their outward beings and understand their thoughts, their musings and especially the

reasons for their often puzzling conduct.

Those reasons perhaps are instincts and race memories of ages of isolation, of gods and demons inherited from religions believed in by their ancestors ten thousand years ago in lands halfway around the globe from Samoa. The migrations of their forefathers were mighty when the Pacific Ocean was, maybe, studded with islands that now have sunk to where the blind sea snakes weave between Lemuria and Atlantis. But however mysterious the well-springs of their aberrant actions, they are the realest children of nature; not yet wholly spoiled by the pressure of civilization, less changed than any of the great and astounding Polynesian race, which has left its imprint from Madagascar to New Zealand. The handful of Samoans in Safuné, though dying fast and soon doomed to extinction, represent the highest remaining reach of a culture singular to the race, and once as definite and as minute in details as that of the ancient Egyptians.

I lived months in Safuné, one of three whites there. In all that time no single incident clouded my daily intercourse with my neighbors, nor were disclosed any traits more annoying than those occasional willful

and obscure pranks for which Solomon urged the birch. Tears dissolved a willful mood in all but the old, and for a missing can of salmon I have had my feet kissed amidst sobs.

The village lies along the beach, back a hundred feet from the tide, and surrounds a greensward, the *malae*, or common, on which the community life takes place. There are the meetings of the elders, the exchanges of gossip, the endless play of the youngsters, the dances and the songs, and in the shadows the courtships of the adolescent. About the *malae*, far enough apart for quietude and seclusion, are the hundred homes, oval-shaped, mushroom-like houses of wooden pillars set on stone, with roofs of thatch and movable curtains for shading and shielding the interiors and for dividing them into rooms when privacy demands. Unique, beautiful, perfectly suitable to the needs and habits of Samoans, these *fales*, with their floors of clean black and white pebbles

raised several feet from the ground, their admirable and intricate rigging for adjusting the straw curtains, their piles of mats for reclining and squatting and their total barrenness of furniture or ornament, are the sole existing aboriginal dwellings in Polynesia. All other races' homes have been forsaken for wretched imitations of our cabins or shacks. Hawaii, Tahiti, Marquesas, New Zealand, Tonga, all are divested of the native residences of unbarbed trees, bamboo, thatch and rattan for the ugly board and iron-roofed hut of our modern pioneers.

In Samoa an inexplicable fate has until now saved these singular and appropriate habitations from the leprous hand of the trader, who has elsewhere shamed the native into buying the lumber and metal of America to replace his indigenous home. The Safuné family does little cooking, but has a *fale umu*, a tiny shed beside the dwelling, for all preparation of food. No shining pots or pans hang



THE WATERFALL ABOVE SAFUNÉ

On the island of Savaii most of the rainfall seeps through the porous lava rock and is lost to view. Such a cascade as this is rare on this island, though not on others. The young people of Safuné frequent the pools for swimming, and often spend days about its edge telling stories and dreaming the dreams of youth

upon the bamboo supports, nor is there sign of a stove. The earth is the oven and leaves, green and fresh from the forest, the utensils and dishes. With hot stones the housewife cooks the taro, breadfruit, bananas or yams, the fish and rarer chicken or pig, and makes the delicious sauce of coconuts. No forks or spoons are known, nor even cups, for the universal drink is the cool wine of the young coconut, which is poured from its own green chalice into the thirsting mouths of old and young. Each squats with his leafy plates before him and dips into the larger leaves for his share. A strict etiquette rules the manner of serving and of eating. Once the meal is finished the matron has but to gather the used leaves and remnants, and in a trice the fattening pig rejoices ignorantly in his good fortune.

At dawn the village stirs. Men put the canoes, drawn up on the sand, into the lagoon and with nets and spears adventure toward the surrounding coral reef for the fishing. Others go singing into the forest of the uplands to cultivate the taro, to gather it and bananas and coconuts or the rounded globes of the breadfruit. They know the condition and quality of these volunteer products of the tropics as the farmer his grain or fruit. Laden with baskets of the forest yield they return in the early forenoon for sustenance and rest. Occupied all these hours are the women with household duties. The making of clothes, of curtain and thatch, of mats and bark cloth, baskets and necklaces of shells, the setting in order of the *fale* and the community care of the *malae*, or sward, keep them as busied as the men. But early, before the sun is overhead, the labors of the home and the village are done and the more apparent pleasures of the day and evening begin.

One must say apparent, for to these Samoans, whose bodies are the perfect

servants of their wills and thoughts, the mere movement of their members is pleasing. The sweep of the paddle, the heft of the load of provisions, the thrust of the spear, the carrying of heavy drafts of water from the well, the arduous ascent of the coconut trees, the dash of the messenger to another village, the mutual work on the village dwellings—all these efforts are delightful to them if not continued too long. These are the ingrained wont of all their past, the trial of their strength and skill, the proof of their right to

communal esteem and, most of all, the intimacy with the sea and the wood which is their approach to God, to the powerful and sometimes fearful deities who inhabit the wave and the wold. Though such is the symmetry of their bodies and the ease of their movements, so accordant their nerves and muscles, and so attuned to the easy toil their minds and appetites, yet the charming *Safunéites* have a keen and all-embracing sense of play. Dancing, wrestling, boxing, fencing, chanting, javelin throwing; a dozen forms of amusement and sport entertain the village betimes. All these were original with the Samoans, and of different sorts from our own. On moon-



A CHILD OF SAMOA

Alaine is one of the many lovable children to be found in *Safuné*

light nights seldom anyone goes to bed until the moon does, the moon, *Masina*, the "child of *Ilu*, the worm, and of *Mamao*, distant." Those wearied by years sit on the copings of the *fales* and look on, while all the others, from careening infants to middle-aged husbands and wives, dance, sing, swim or roam, arms about one another, up and down the *malae*, exchanging badinage, playing harmless jokes and laughing for sheer harmony of being.

A hundred and fifty years ago a naturalist of Europe in these South Seas compared the epicurean, pleasure-loving fashions of the Polynesians to those of the imaginary *Phæacia*, of which Homer sang:



FA'GASE AND A LITTLE FRIEND

The younger girl is half Chinese, her Asiatic blood showing in her slightly oblique eyes and slender face. Fa'gase wears a bracelet cut from a tortoise shell, and a necklace of red seeds from the forest. They have spent an hour in the woods gathering the seeds for their adornment, and have strung them on thread from the trader's store

To dress, to dance, to sing, our sole delight;
The feast or bath by day and love by night.

Home loving as are the Safuné people, devoted to one another and with an absurd disregard, almost contempt, for the abodes of foreigners, even if foreign only a dozen miles, yet they like best of all to be visited by such *uitlanders* to whom they can talk and especially whom they can make aware of the superb eminence of Safuné and its citizens.

For hospitality and oratory are the breath of their nostrils. Many times at the very height of battle, when spears and clubs were in fiercest mêlée, the Samoans halted to orate. The Greeks at Troy had no smoother flow of dulcet word nor more sonorous praise of self during the crash of arms than had the Samoans.

With war denied them the Safuné warriors and generals, the young men and the chiefs, gathered in the guest house whenever opportunity offered, to receive visitors from abroad and to recite the ancient legends of their ancestors' achievements. Many times I sat with them and more than one time I was the guest of honor and the extolled of the flights. And in the guest house—every village has such a building—there shone most brilliantly a girl and a man, officeholders of the most curious offices known to government. The girl was the *taupo*, the village hostess and prize maiden, and the man the *tulafale*, or official orator. To this pair was committed the honor of the village in the most sacred things: to the *taupo* the chastity and the ritual of the *kava*, and to the *tulafale* the welcoming of guests and the bespeaking of their merits and the greatness of Safuné.

In Safuné, as in every village, is a supreme chief. The *tulafale* is his voice. In public the chief is dumb. For some occult reason, the purpose of which is hidden in the centuries, the Samoan town boss is unable legally, or at

least decently, to utter a word in the guest house. He must sit by and listen to his secretary of state, or mayor of the palace, win all applause at recitation. But before the *tulafale* begins his peroration the *taupo* prepares and distributes the *kava*.

Kava, or *ava*, is the root of a kind of pepper bush. It is dug up and dried, and when the guest house is filled, and all are squatted in rank on the fine mats laid down for the occasion, the *taupo's* brief reign as queen of love and beauty begins. The *tulafale* breaks a piece of *kava* root and hands it to her. Formerly she and her maiden attendants chewed it actively and spat it into the *tanoa*,

or *kava* bowl, but nowadays, owing to the effete taste of whites and certain dire prophecies of white doctors or magicians, the *kava* is shredded by hand. When the required quantity is in the *tanoa*, the *taupo*, with the bowl before her, mixes it as her right-hand maid pours in water from a coconut shell. At the moment of just alloyage the *taupo* takes a long string of bark, rolls it into a ball resembling a sponge and, dipping it into the *tanoa*, clarifies the liquid, gathering up all particles and passing it to the maid, who squeezes it without the *fale*. This is repeated until per-

fection is arrived at, when, in a tone as laden with import as a butler's announcement to madam that "dinner is served," she informs the *tulafale*, "The *kava* is clear."

The *tulafale*, who, with the chief of Safuné, the lesser chiefs and all the visitors, has sat speechless until then, announces to the right-hand maid the readiness of the flowing bowl. She takes a polished coconut shell and advances with propriety and studied grace to the center of the *fale* and at the same moment the *taupo* dips the sponge into the *kava*. The maid then holds the shell while the *taupo* squeezes the sponge into it, and facing the *taupo*, and bowing low, reaches again the



TUFU'GA THE TATTOOER

The tattooer is an important artist in Samoa. He uses an oblong piece of human bone about an inch and a half broad and two inches long. One end is cut like a fine-toothed comb and the other is fastened to a piece of cane. He dips it in a mixture of candlenut soot, ashes and water, and, tapping it with a little mallet, sinks the color into the pores of the skin

social event of each one's tenancy of the curious and trying post. Both villages, hers and the husband's, unite in the feasting and dancing which last for days and nights. And then begins the striving of relations and friends to name the new *taupo*. Some of the most celebrated of these Platonic hetærae have place in Samoan history. I have known many and have heard grandmothers tell pridefully of their conquests of suitors, and of themselves, when *taupos*. For the *taupo* must let all of chiefly blood, and all distinguished visitors, pour into her ears the sweetest and warmest words of her language, must see the wildest frenzies of unrequited love and must not yield. The *duennas* are warrant for her coldness by their very lives. Before any man can aspire to the hand of any girl, much less a *taupo*, he must submit to the ordeal of tattooing. In weeks of suffering, and often of agony and illness, he is marked in patterns from his knees to his waist with the *ama* ink, made from candlenut soot, and drilled into each pore with bone needles. These are the signs of manhood, the *toga virilis*, the conferring of knighthood, the making a warrior of the boy now at the door of adulthood.

The *taupo* too, alone of all the girls, is tattooed. A flowery pattern, a slight though intricate tracery of flowers, is imprinted upon her body from below her knees to her hips and one hand is covered with the *ama* color. Thus a *taupo* is forever set aside as a separate and representative person, and always is she paid the respect due her former glory. One old grandmother I knew would now and then lift the hem of her garment and display to me the fading designs of her girlhood.

The *taupo* being the champion and acknowledged conservatrix of chastity, it

follows that the Safuné folk esteem modesty as the cloak of character, a garment worn with solemnity and not a little fear, and dropped only in the abandon of those dances which stimulate passion, dances every movement and meaning of which are handed down from antiquity.

The love of children hardly escapes being a vice in Safuné. The little ones are idolized. The harsh words and blows of civilization would be thought extreme wickedness among the Samoans. The children lead a natural life of play, spending their time throwing darts, spinning tops, swimming and idling about the lagoon and the sea beach. They learn to float and to swim at a year or two, and hours a day they paddle about the warm, salt waters on the stalks of banana trees or by their own plump bodies.

The Safuneites are all Christians. Without exception they listen on Sundays to the eloquent sermons of their own minister and join in the singing of hymns. They have adopted these grim chants to their own ideas of harmony and the words too have filtered through their pagan minds and found a meaning applicable to the environment

and the flora and fauna of Safune. The wondrous stories of Jonah, of the tower of Babel, of Adam and Eve and the rod of Aaron have counterparts in Samoan religious lore and are fully concurred in. Naturally a religious people, the Safuneites take comfort in their faith, and if they mix their mythology a trifle and confuse Jehovah with Fanonga, their ancient war god, they have always believed in the immortality of the soul and in heaven and hell of a sort. Kindness is their chiefest virtue, generosity their admiration, good will their goal and distinction or notability their greatest attainment.



A GOOD-NIGHT KISS FOR ALAINE

The grandmother bids Alaine good night. But she does not kiss her with her lips. The labial salute is unknown in Samoa. Tuungata rubs her nose against the nose of Alaine. Among lovers the nose meeting is accompanied by ecstatic emotions, famed in song and legend. This custom is common among many primitive peoples. Only highly civilized races kiss lip to lip



SAULELIA MAKING *SIAPA*, OR BARK CLOTH

After the inner bark of the paper mulberry tree is cut into strips and is beaten on a board into irregular pieces it is pasted together to form bolts of material for garments and for house draperies. These bolts are about fifty feet long and four feet wide



THE PATTERN COMPLETED

Saulelia has finished the marking of a piece of bark cloth and, like other artists, looks for the praise of her friends. Saulelia was the household attendant of Frederick O'Brien when he lived in Safuné. She is a modest, shy girl, the daughter of the village preacher



TAIOA, *TAUPO* OF SASINA

Taioa is the *taupo* of the village nearest Safuné. She has the characteristically grave face of the official hostess, for she is called upon almost daily for duties often onerous. Her relief will come when some distinguished youth of another village claims her hand and she retires to matronhood and the elevated position of an *ex-taupo*.



TIFA'GA, A SAFUNÉ DUSE

The white visitor to Samoa is struck often by the dramatic and, sometimes, by the tragic cast of the faces of certain Samoans. Tifa'ga has the pose and personality of a noted actress. One notices, however, that she has made her dress in imitation of those to be bought in the trader's store. Tifa'ga is handsome and not so melancholy as she appears at the moment of photographing.



SAFUNÉ SEEN FROM THE RIVER

One may see, from this picture, the kind of airy *fales* (houses) in which the Samoans live. In the foreground is the river where, twice a day, young and old bathe



SAFUNÉ BOYS IMITATING ELDERS

Pe'a, the village "Huck Finn," has seized the war knife of a man and is playing pranks with it to amuse his companions. The men have been practicing for a ceremonial dance in which they exhibit their skill with these weapons, formerly used in their battles with enemy tribes



PE'A, THE MERRIEST BOY IN THE VILLAGE

Safuné is an ideal playground for the children. They are allowed to have much their own way. The little ones spend their time in and out of the water, swimming, playing with shells and catching fish and crustaceans among the rocks. Their games are simple; they have no toys. When they are tired they throw themselves down under a tree and sleep until rested



MOANA, THE BEST DANCER IN SAFUNÉ

He is the handsomest, best-favored youth of the village and a perfect specimen of the manhood of Samoa, which has for generations astonished judges of physical development



TITO SALAS, VENEZUELA'S GREATEST LIVING ARTIST
The photograph shows him at work on his latest canvas, "The Beginning of Commerce"



ITO SALAS, VENEZUELAN ARTIST

Tito Salas is brilliant, lovable, talented and still young. Tito Salas and Zuloaga studied together in Paris. One went back to immortalize Spanish types on canvas, the other returned to Venezuela to play with the gorgeous colors of the tropics.

I watched him—and photographed him—as he worked on a canvas as large as a wall in an average room, and I marveled at his freedom and certainty. The colorist, in his eagerness to produce effect, is apt to be a careless draftsman, but the uncanny color sense of Salas is coupled with precision as to form and design. It is a rare combination. His finished work is harmonious and its colors glow until one thinks of orchids, poinsettias and the flame tree, the gaudy poncho of the Indian, crimson sunsets, yellow Orinoco and the dark greens and blues of tropic jungle, sky and sea.

I dined with him in the Salas eighteenth-century home—with its tapestry-covered walls and colorful paintings, old mahogany of the colonial period, flower-filled patio, all

mellowed by the touch of time. With him was his father, now ninety, an aristocrat of old Spain, who speaks English and French as he does Spanish, and knows New York, Paris and London as he knows Caracas.

In the National Palace, the House of Bolivar and other of the nation's buildings hang many of Tito Salas' great paintings. His color tones support a central motif just as a rich orchestral accompaniment supports a singer's voice. In his "Emigration from Caracas 1814" he has shown in color the tragic ending of a nation's hopes.

In the canvas which he is painting to-day, "The Beginning of Commerce," the Spanish Jew is shown offering a piece of cloth for the rope of pearls about the Indian girl's neck. The photograph above shows only form in black and white, but the painting itself is glorified with brown and yellow, orange, crimson and dark green—the vivid, vital, passionate colorings that harmonize with vivid sunshine and the gorgeous, garish, bewildering color masses that Nature has woven into the mantle of the tropics.

Tito Salas has observed the brilliant work of his fellow student Zuloaga. He himself plans to reflect on canvas the colors and people of Andes and llanos, so that the world may recognize the art of Venezuela.



VENEZUELAN WRITERS AND LITERATURE

BY ANTONIO REYES

Antonio Reyes, present editor of "Perfiles" (Profiles), ex-editor of "El Nuevo Diario," ex-secretary of the Venezuelan Legation in Paris, comes of a distinguished Venezuelan family, his father, Dr. Pedro Miguel Reyes, being one of the ablest men of that republic. Mr. Reyes himself edits the best magazine review of Venezuela.

The birth of Venezuela's literature was coincident with two great world movements—first steps toward independence in America and the era of French romanticism.

Ramos and Andres Bello, the first forceful writers of Venezuela, appeared about the beginning of the nineteenth century. The literary work of these men quite eclipsed the less than mediocre scrivenings of Father Eguiarreta, who, at the close of the preceding century, tried to express in picaresque rhymes the gloomy outlook of that epoch.

While Venezuela's literary birth coincided with the romantic tendency in literature, it had little to do with that movement. As we now look back, Bello was a classicist and romanticism was a breaking away from styles and rules of composition established by the classic writers. An individual style characterized Bello—this pioneer among the really great Venezuelan writers.

During the struggle for independence there appeared no writer worthy of mention and nothing of great importance was added to Venezuela's literature up to the middle of the nineteenth century. Then it was that Juan Civate Gonzalez, Cecilio Acosta and Fermin Toro made for themselves names that still stand out prominently in our literary annals.

Gonzalez, never having been outside of his country, developed a style free from foreign influence. His work is marked with fine beauty of style. He not only imparted a new trend to national letters but his work also lifted the literary tendency of the nation out of the delirium of romanticism.

Acosta is a poet, thinker and stylist. He could turn from facile verse to economic treatise, and from that to beautiful prose. His writing is colorful, intense, beautiful.

Toro was a finished writer—nimble of conception, smooth and harmonious in detail. He had the elegance of an accomplished artist.

While Venezuela passed through this period of literary development Zorrilla, author of "Don Juan Tenorio," held sway over the literature of Spain. In time his plays and



ANTONIO REYES

verse were heartily received in Venezuela.

Among later poets Jacinto Gutierrez Coll stands out not only as an excellent verse maker but also because of the vigorous fight he has made against the exaggerated patterns set forth by romanticism.

Toward the close of the nineteenth century there appeared a growing tendency toward a type of literature which came to be known as "creole"—distinctively national. Lazo Martí, with his famous lyrics, captured the spirit of life characteristically Venezuelan. He had been born and reared in the atmosphere of the pampas and could therefore sing of our native llanos. With him the close of the nineteenth century is reached.

As for current popular poetry there is that eminent writer José Gil Fortoul. To this day the llanero believes that Fortoul is the real founder of popular poetry in Venezuela. Fortoul is a llanero. He is a mestizo, as fearless as his bulls and as violent as the untamed horses of his plains. He is suspicious and has a propensity for scathing irony. He is positive and voluptuous in his loves, lacking both gallantry and tenderness, but his songs reek of the soil of the llanos. They are true to the land and to the people of whom he sings.

At the beginning of the present century the novel as well as the theatre have exhibited pronounced tendencies toward nationalism. Venezuela is building a literature that is distinctively her own.



CITY THAT WAS—AMBAR ❖

BY RAYMOND FULLER

It was a not uncommon thing in the days of the Moguls for one of the mighty rajahs to make or desert a capital. These Moguls worked as easily in terms of cities and empires, quite as matter-of-factly, as does a United States Steel president or a Standard Oil dictator. Akbar the Great (Scourge of Allah) moved out bag, baggage and elephants from his magnificent Fatephur-Sikri—and you see it now just as his regal housekeeping left it. The lion and the lizard keep it; all other caretakers have departed these six hundred years. At Jaipur, Maharajah Jai Singh took a sudden decision that the streets and alleys of his city did not please him; forthwith they were all laid out anew, mathematically and in broad gauge. Delhis have been relocated, either through devastation or caprice, with such lavish frequency that nine (some say ten) sites are discoverable in the vicinity of India's present capital city.

Ambar, too, has been treated in the grand manner of Indian potentates. It was abruptly deserted in favor of Jaipur.

Tenantless of humanity it lies there, while

you read this, as near to being pure poetry as any material structure of men that I know of, unless it be the Taj Mahal itself.

In leaving Ambar, Jai Singh stepped down from his hill-valley stronghold but seven miles. These seven miles from Jaipur are a fitting approach to Ambar. Laden and ridden camels pass us on the way. Long-tailed monkeys come down to the roadside and view our passing. A line of trunk-painted and tusk-silvered elephants force us to one side. Peacocks trail their sweep of glory across the road. Men and women of all turbans—of all degrees and trades—go by with the heavy burdens that are Asia's.

And then, rapidly, the roadside begins to reveal a more pronounced antiquity. We reach the gates of Ambar. There is beside the outer Ghat Pol gate an enclosure where an elephant awaits us, sent by the maharajah himself to be at our service. The climb up to the ancient palace is a tortuous one. We mount our steed and go rolling and undulating up through the succession of gates and turns that bring us to the palace courtyard.

And within the palace grounds? We traverse marble courts, peer into dim corridors and go down to luxurious baths; we surmount lizard-haunted towers and survey the once busy, long silent city and its far-flung outer walls.



THE GREAT MARBLE-LINED BATHING "TANK" BEFORE THE WALLS OF AMBAR, INDIA



LECTION DAY IN OLD POMPEII ✦

How They Ran Electoral Campaigns
Over Two Thousand Years Ago

BY SALVATORE AURIGEMMA

Inspector of the Pompeii Excavations and of the Naples Museum

The wall of a house in a restored street of Pompeii bears this notice in handsome letters: "Twenty pairs of gladiators, at the expense of Decimus Lucretius Satrius Valens, priest of Nero Cæsar, and ten pairs of gladiators belonging to Decimus Lucretius, junior, will fight in Pompeii, from the day preceding the none of April (from April 4th). There will be a wild beast hunt, and the great awning will be spread." Right next to this bold announcement is a modest election notice inviting the passerby to vote for Satrius, host of the festival.

Life has changed little in its ambitions, vanities and pastimes since those ancient times. The inscriptions on the walls of Pompeii mirror life just as we know it—life with its big and its little ways, and with the illusions and passions, the desires and aspirations that eternally stir the hearts of men.

The electoral notices are the most noteworthy group of inscriptions discovered in the excavations which, with methodical thoroughness, Victor Spinazzola carried on from 1911 to 1923. These election "epigraphs," or electoral "programs," were noted and studied not very long after the first lucky finds in Pompeii were made under the auspices of King Charles of the Bourbons. And the facts acquired relative to the manner in which the elections were held in Pompeii and information about the personalities of the candidates in the years that immediately preceded the Vesuvian conflagration of 79 A. D. are practically the same as the facts shown by the new excavations in the "Street of Abundance."

In twelve years, on a street frontage which measures not much over four hundred yards, more than a thousand new inscriptions have

been uncovered. In the remainder of Pompeii the traces of conflict for the prize of supreme political power appear much more infrequently; and these same traces, mutilated by the falling away of the plaster and discolored by the action of the weather, end by being lost in the gray uniformity of the walls.

The Pompeian walls record, as has been seen, the election notices of the years which immediately precede 79 A. D.; the year of the fearful reawakening of volcanic activity in Vesuvius after a sleep of several thousand years. These election notices are superimposed one upon another, and were often effaced and painted over at night. A whitewasher would slap a handful of quicklime over the programs of preceding years and the scribe would then paint the new program.

The propaganda was carried on in a spirited way.



ELECTION ANNOUNCEMENTS ON THE WALLS OF A DWELLING IN POMPEII

On the walls of this house, recently restored, "epigraphs," or "programs," bearing the names of candidates were scratched or painted twenty centuries ago. To cancel old announcements quicklime was used. It was from these "posters" that the story of Pompeii's election activities was learned.

Good will and votes were sought by reminding the Pompeii electors of the merits of the individual candidates. "Elect for ædiles (commissioners of public works) Lucius Albucius and Casellius: they are worthy of public office," says one electoral notice.

"The neighbors recommend the election of Gnæus Helvius Sabinus, an honest man," says another notice. And a third: "You are urged to elect as duumvir Lucius Sextilius: he has done a great deal of good to a great many people."

Attempt was also made to enroll among the adherents of a candidate this or that corporate body of industry. "Holconius Priscus, it is the entire corporation of laundrymen who propose him," says one manifesto. And another: "The bakers propose as their candidate for ædile Gnæus Helvius Sabinus." And a third: "We the felt-makers propose for ædiles the election of Herennius and Suettius, worthy of the cause." Elsewhere it is promised that the chess players will second the election of the candidate for ædile, Lucius Popidius Ampliatus.

And the women? The women, too, played a part; and the testimony that the inscriptions offer us of this are not lacking in flavor.

The wiles of candidates and the weaknesses of electors were very like those that characterize electioneering to-day. Electors were ever ready with promises of good things for the people: the walls of Pompeii are full of these promises, and chief among them the manifestoes for the celebration of gladiatorial events. The notice of still another such spectacle has been found, besides the one already mentioned. "Twenty pairs of gladiators, and the gladiators who will be substituted for the vanquished, supplied without any public contribution by the fifth-yearly duumvir, Gnæus Alcius Nigidius Maius, will combat in Pompeii."

The Romans adored spectacles of the theatre and the arena, so these combats naturally became one of the sure ways to electoral hearts.

The final days of the Pompeian election competitions betray the fears, hopes and anxieties of those concerned. Extreme inducements, fervid appeals and all kinds of pressure were brought to bear in these last days. These last-hour appeals were not to the body electoral but to individuals, and were in the form of personal exhortations painted or written on their house fronts with the expectation that the citizens living within would see them when they came out in the morning to go to their places of business. "O you, Graphicus, be watchful!" urges a



AN ELECTION POSTER

The above is an announcement, found on the walls of a restored house in Pompeii, of the candidacy for office of Julius Polybius and of Holconius Priscus

candidate. "On guard, O Polites!" may be read on another manifesto. "Vote for Lucius Popidius Ampliatus, O Trebius, O Sotericus, and keep your eyes wide open!" The scribe of a third admonishes, "Are you asleep, then, O Trebius Valens?"

The new excavations in the Street of Abundance have awakened the voices of the old Pompeians, and set vibrant the stir of public life in that long buried city.



AN ANIMAL HANGING BASKET

BY M. TEVIS

Consider the sloth—as indolent as its name implies—the slowest moving and most sluggish of intellect among warm-blooded creatures.

There are several species of sloths. The two-toed sloth is the most typical representative of the family, but there is another kind that has three toes.

Sloths are tree-loving and tree-living animals found in Central and South America. They hang head downward from the limb of a chosen tree and move along it just fast enough to devour the leaves, buds and fruit. Their strong hooked claws hold them so firmly that they even sleep in this position, curving themselves into a sort of ball, with the head tucked between the arms. The bodies are covered with a coarse, shaggy hair of a grayish color. Each of these hairs is roughened or fluted and an enterprising little plant, a sort of algæ, quicker to seize an opportunity than the sloth itself, has taken advantage of this fact to establish a home. The growth of this minute vegetation gives a greenish color to the fur of the sloth. When the sloth is transported from the moist, warm atmosphere of its native haunts this vegetation quickly withers, so that the sloths in our menageries lack the greenish tint they had when at home.

The great naturalist Buffon considered the sloth the most inferior of mammals—"one more defect," he remarked, "and it would cease to survive." Modern naturalists, however, regard the creature as a very striking instance of adaptation to environment. The Jivaro Indians of the Amazon, known for their unpleasant custom of making shrunk mummies of their enemies, em-

ploy the sloth as a subject of experiment for training boys in this gentle art.

The peculiar sluggishness of the sloth attracted the attention of the early Spanish and Portuguese explorers. Early in the sixteenth century Gonzalo de Oviedo penned the following amusing description of the three-toed species:

"There is another strange beast the Spaniards call the 'Light Dogge,' which is one of the slowest beasts and so heavy and dull in moving that it can scarcely goe fiftie pases in a whole day. Their neckes are high and straight, and all equall like the pestle of a mortar, without making any pretension of similitude of a head, or any

difference except in the noddle, and in the tops of their necks. They have little mouthes and moove their neckes from one side to another, as though they were astonished. Their chief desire and delight is to cleave and sticke fast unto Trees, whereunto cleaving fast, they mount up little by little, staying themselves by their long claws. Sometimes the Christian men find these beasts and bring them home to their houses, where also they creep all about with their naturall slownesse. I could never perceive other but that they



A SLOTH AND HER YOUNG

live onley of Aire: because they ever turn their heads and mouthes toward that part where the wind bloweth most, whereby may be considered that they take most pleasure in the Aire."

While it is true that the sloth can go several weeks without touching food, it by no means fasts permanently. Dr. William Beebe, who made a study of the living animals at the Research Station in Guiana, tells us that it refuses all food except the leaves and buds of the Cecropia tree. From the same authority we learn that the average rate of travel of the sloth is a mile in six and one-half hours. The antithesis of speed would be a three-cornered race with a sloth, a turtle and a snail as competitors!

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WHO, WHAT, WHEN AND WHY

On This Page We Print Such Questions and Answers Selected From Our Daily Mail as Seem to Have a General Interest

Question. Was it intended by the builders that the Tower of Pisa should lean?

Answer. The long dispute as to whether or not the inclination of this celebrated tower was intentional has never been settled. The common opinion has been that when the building had reached the third story the ground sank, and with it one side of the tower; this conclusion is further upheld by the fact that the church to which it was attached as the bell tower has also settled. The architects planned the remaining five stories of the tower so as to throw the greatest weight upon the opposite side, and thus insure stability. As a further indication that the leaning of the tower was not intentional it is reported that when the architect Gherardesca built the tower he made a deep trench around it, and the filtration of water weakened the earth under the masonry cylinder foundation, which is very shallow. The famous structure was two centuries in building (1174-1350), and from it Galileo made astronomical observations.

Question. Where is Tara's Hall, and what is its place in history?

Answer. Tara's Hall was the palace of the ancient kings of Ireland, situated on the hill of that name in County Meath, Ireland, about six miles east of Trim and twenty-one miles north of Dublin. It was here that St. Patrick began his great apostolate by preaching to King Laoghaire, or Leary, in 432. The site was finally abandoned in 565 on account of a curse pronounced against the reigning king by St. Ruadhan. The ancient palace, whose outlines are still to be traced in the mounds and earthworks which crown the summit of the hill, is immortalized in Thomas Moore's popular ballad, "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls."

Question. When did Captain Kidd live, and how did he die?

Answer. William Kidd, a Scotchman born, was a ship-master and shipowner who in 1695 was living in the town of New York. In that year the Earl of Bellamont, governor of Massachusetts Bay, placed Kidd in command of a privateer with special permission to suppress piracy. However, Kidd turned pirate him-

self, and incidentally had a private battle with his gunner Moore, in which he hit him on the head with a bucket and killed him. When Captain Kidd returned to Boston in 1699 he was arrested and sent to England for trial at the Old Baily prison. Here he was convicted of the murder of Moore. As the case also had political sides, Kidd was tried for piracy. He denied the piracy charge, and put up a plausible defense, but the odds were against him, and he was also convicted of that crime. Captain Kidd was hanged at Execution Dock, London, on May 23,

1701. Part of his treasure is supposed to have been buried at Gardiner's Island, N. Y., and never to have been recovered. A fuller story of Captain Kidd's adventurous life was related in the August, 1921, issue of *The Mentor*.

Question. Name the Ten Great Religions.

Answer. (1) The Confucian religion of China, founded by Confucius (B. C. 551-479). Sacred books: "The Kings" and "The Four Books."

(2) Brahmanism (India). Sacred books: "The Vedas," "Epic Poems (Ramayana and Mahabharata)" and "The Puranas."

(3) Buddhism, a revolt from Brahmanism in eastern Asia, was founded by Prince Siddhartha, Sakya-muni (died 543 B. C.). The sacred books are "The Pitakas."

(4) The Magian religion of Persia, founded by Zoroaster. Its sacred book is

"The Zend-Avesta." Zoroaster lived thirteen hundred years before Christ.

(5) The religion of Egypt, whose founder is unknown. Its sacred books were "The Two Books of the Kings" and "The Book of the Dead."

(6) The mythological religion of the Greeks and Romans, which included gods and goddesses.

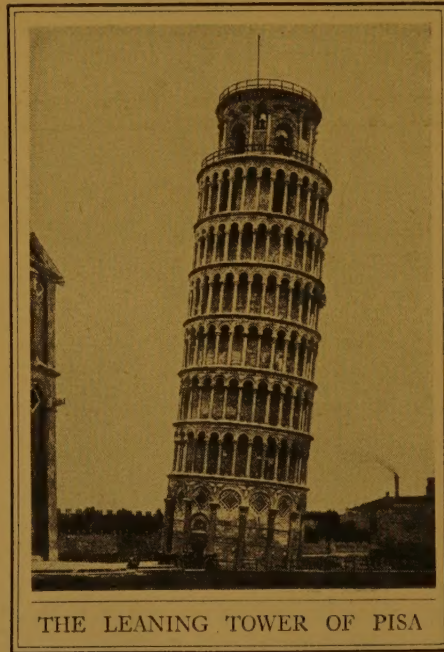
(7) The Scandinavian mythology. The sacred books were "The Eddas."

(8) Judaism, the Jewish religion, founded by Abraham. Sacred books: The Old Testament and the Talmud.

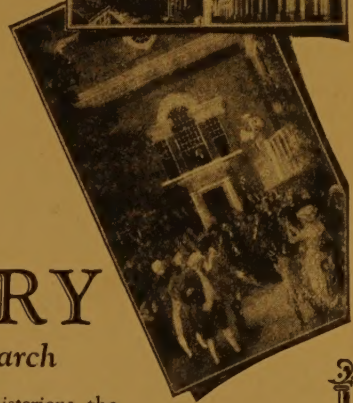
(9) Mohammedanism, the Islam religion, founded by Mohammed. The sacred book is the Koran.

(10) Christianity. Jesus Christ the founder. Its sacred books are the New and Old Testaments.

The subject of the ten great religions of the world will be treated at length in a future number of *The Mentor*.



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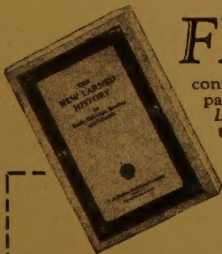
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THE OPEN LETTER



LET us appreciate the full value of the material that Mr. Thomas F. Lee gives us in this number of the Mentor—the wealth of interesting and important information and pictures freshly gathered for us by him in Central and South America.

Mr. Lee has been a student of Latin America for twenty-one years. He has viewed those countries from horseback, muleback, ox cart, auto car—and on foot. He knows the psychology, ideals, culture and problems of the peoples. In Mexico, and in Central and South America he is welcomed as one who understands the native population and who has a sympathetic comprehension of conditions in Latin America.

Mr. Lee has been occupied for twenty years with affairs in Central America. Now he has turned his steps to South America, and has just completed several months of travel and observation in Venezuela. We get the benefit of that trip in this number of The Mentor. His expedition will next turn to Colombia and down through the Pacific states of the southern continent. After Chile he will cross the Andes into the Argentine, cover Uruguay and Paraguay—then turn north through Brazil and home.

His is no tourist trip. Five months' travel over the Andes, down the Orinoco, through trackless plains, Guiana jungles and Maracaibo basin means discomfort, hardship, fatigue and danger—but that is Mr. Lee's first-hand way of gathering information.

He will cover each South American country

in the same thorough manner, and The Mentor from time to time will give its readers his vivid pen and lens pictures. Photography has long been Mr. Lee's hobby, and his collection of Latin American pictures is probably the finest in existence. His pictures are not only good photographs but they also fully and truly *illustrate* his subjects.

Mr. Lee will appear this year as a lecturer at Columbia and other leading universities, where he will discuss Latin American problems and our relations with these southern countries.

During the long controversy between the United States and Mexico, when the Carranza constitution of 1917 threatened wholesale confiscation of American property in that country, Mr. Lee, on account of his intimate knowledge of Latin American affairs, became executive director of the National Association for the Protection of American Rights in Mexico.

The rare fine thing about Mr. Lee is that he not only knows Latin American affairs thoroughly, but that he also has the gift of presenting information in a vivid, graphic manner that makes it absorbingly interesting.

Mr. Lee's next article in The Mentor will cover Colombia, Ecuador and Bolivia. It will tell of people and customs, Incas and ancient ruins, llamas and cholos, mining above the clouds, Panama hats, tagua nuts, jungle—and dons, dictators and duennas.

W. D. Moffat
• Editor